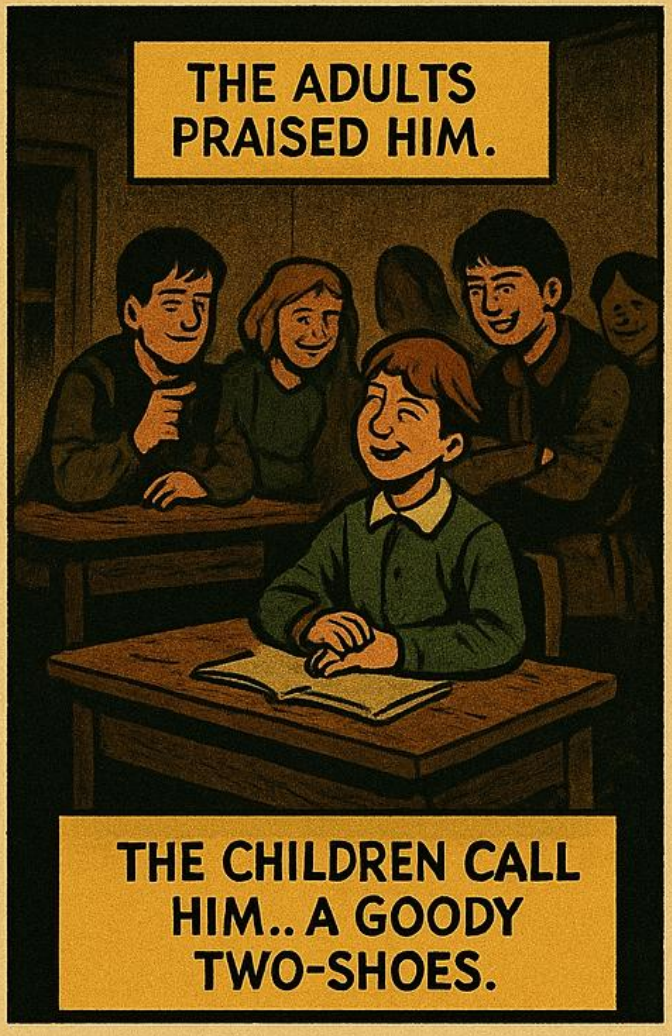
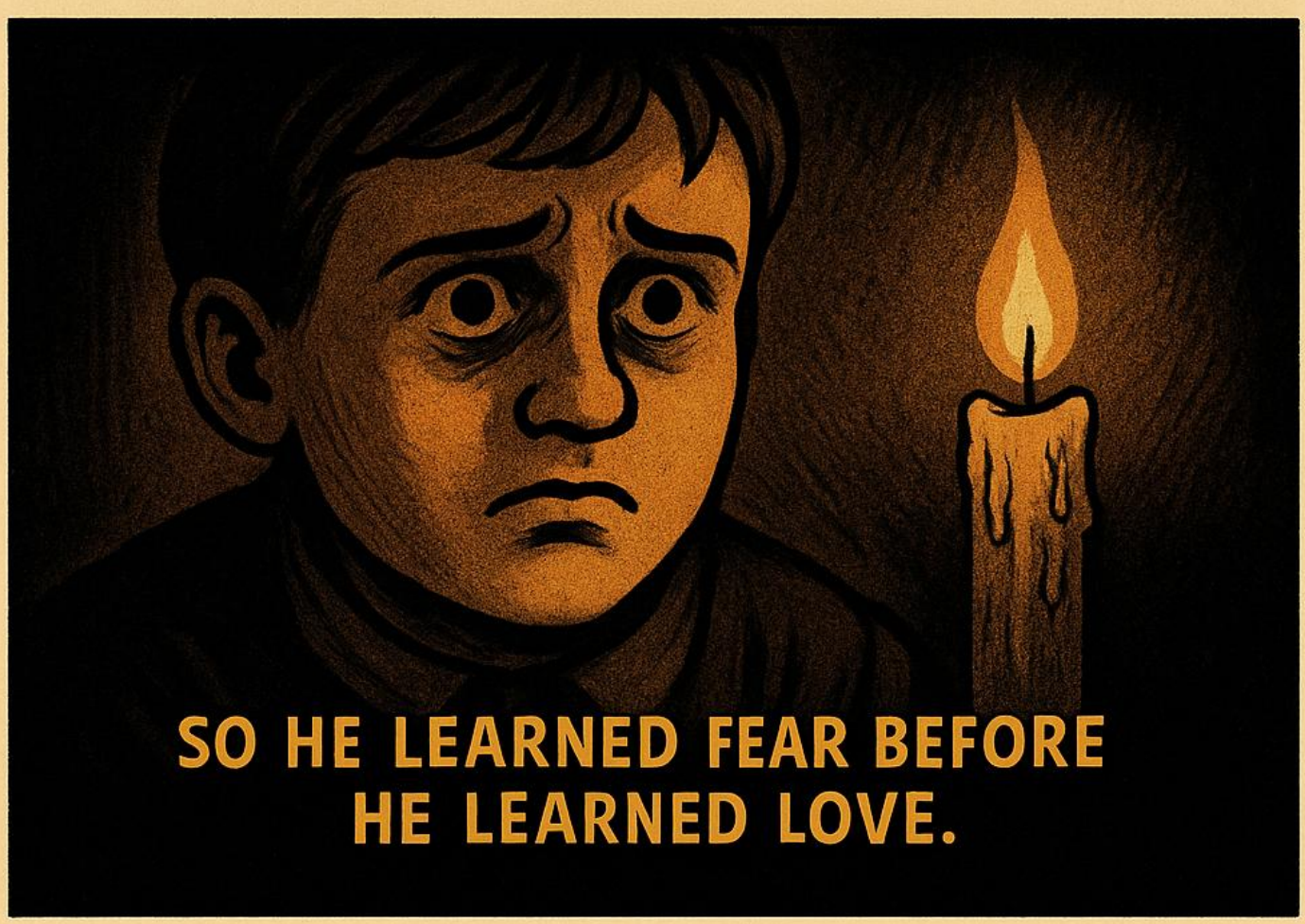
DC
4.99
COMICS
RIDDLER

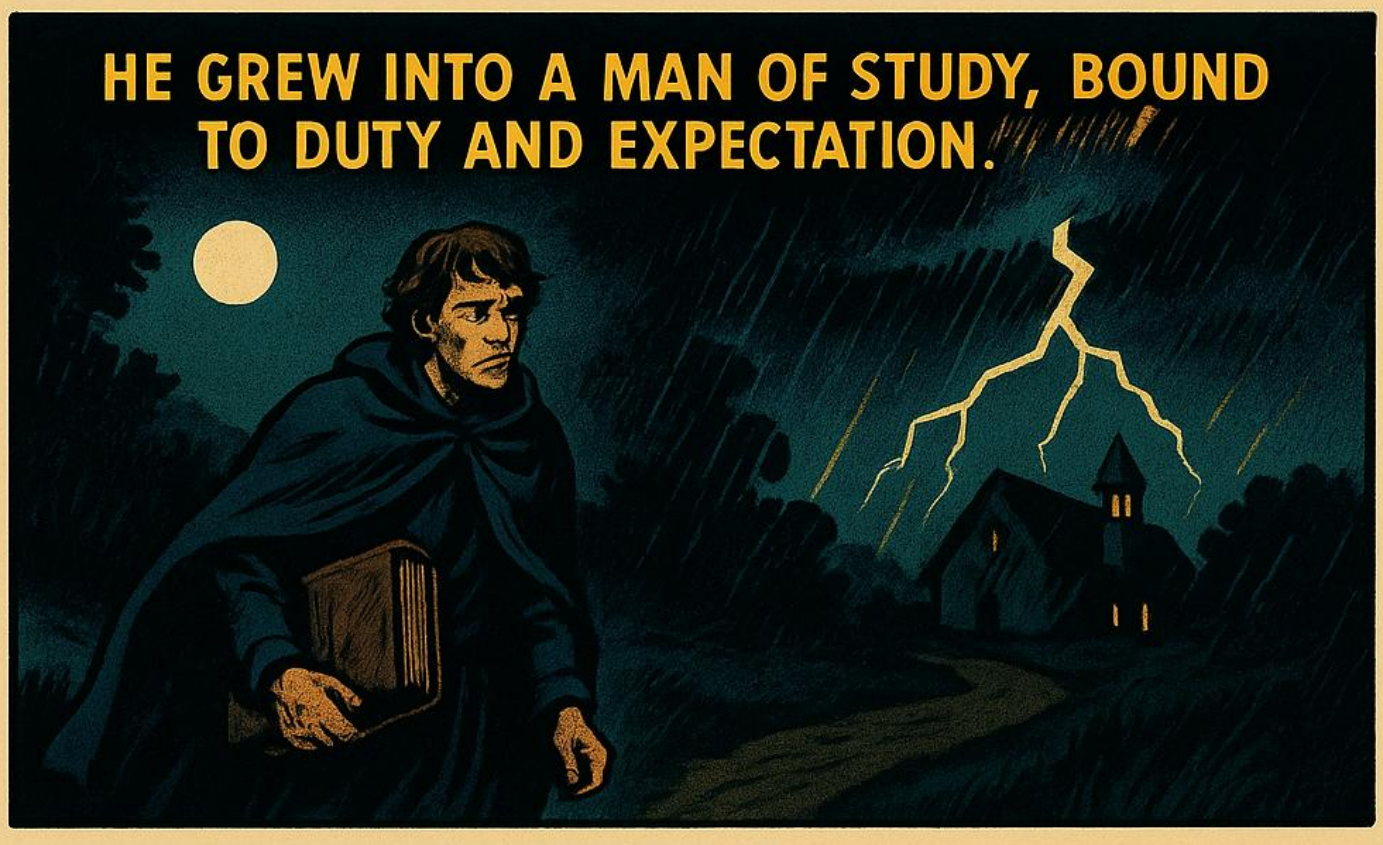
THERE ONCE WAS A BOY WHO LIVED AMONG THE TOWNSFOLK. RESPONSIBILE. RESPECTABLE.


THE ADULTS PRAISED HIM.
THE CHILDREN CALL HIM.. A GOODY TWO-SHOES.

BUT BENEATH THE PRAISE...
FEAR HAD ALREADY TAKEN ROOT.

HIS MOTHER WAS STRICT, HER WORDS SHARP AS A ROD.
YOU MUST SERVE THE CHURCH... OR ELSE YOU WILL BE JUDGED.


SO HE LEARNED FEAR BEFORE HE LEARNED LOVE.


HE GREW INTO A MAN OF STUDY, BOUND TO DUTY AND EXPECTATION.

BUT FEAR CAME FOR HIM ONCE MORE
AND WITH ONE VOW... THE BOY OF FEAR

SAVE ME, SAINT ANNE! I WLL BECOME A MONK!
...THE BOY OF FEAR BECAME MAN of RIDDLES.

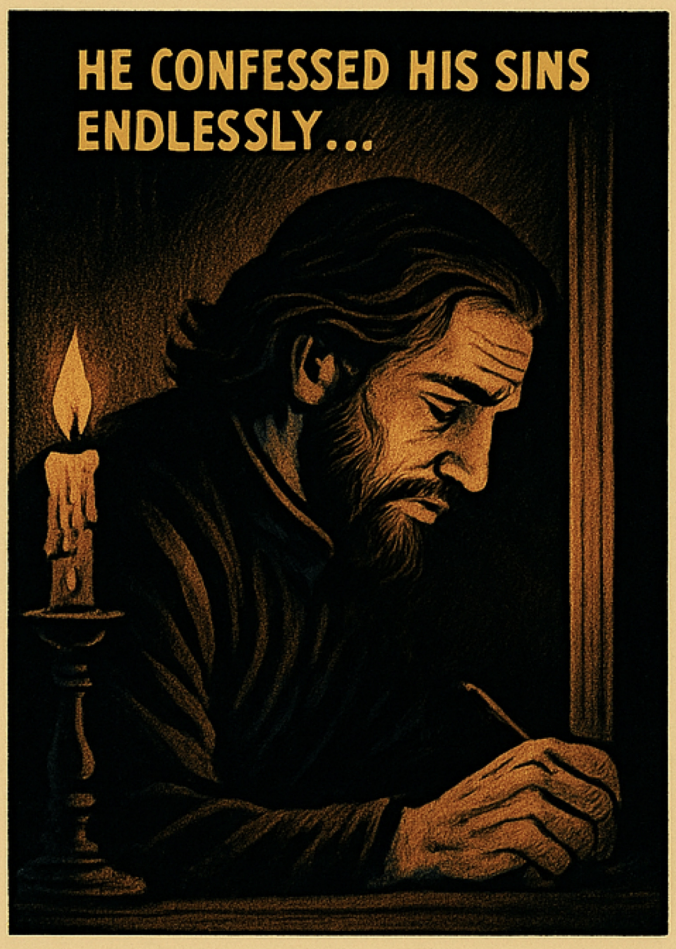
AT LAST, HE WAS WELCOMED INTO THE BROTHERHOOD

HERE, HE DISCOVERED THEIR CUSTOM— DISPUTATIONS.

AND HE LOVED THE THRILL OF THE ARENA

...AND IN THE NOISE... THE BOY OF FEAR FELT AT HOME.

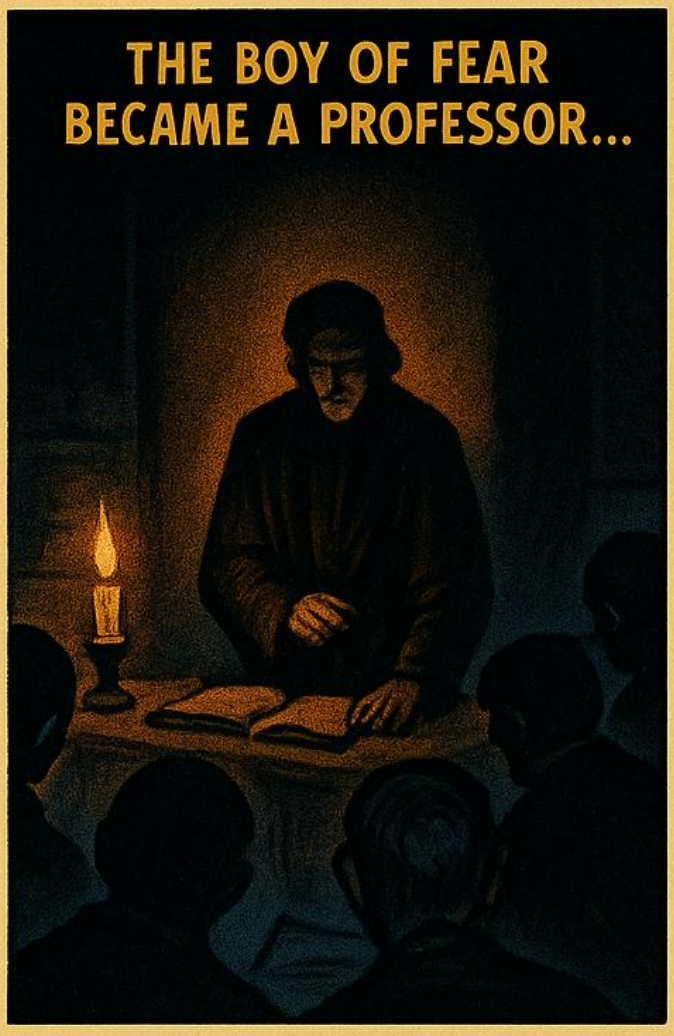
HE SPOKE LIKE A SERPENT—SOFT WORDS WITH SHARP EDGES.
THE WARMTH OF ANGER BEGAN TO RISE.
FROM WARM... TO HOT.
AND THE BOY WALKED AWAY... LEAVING NOISE BEHIND HIM

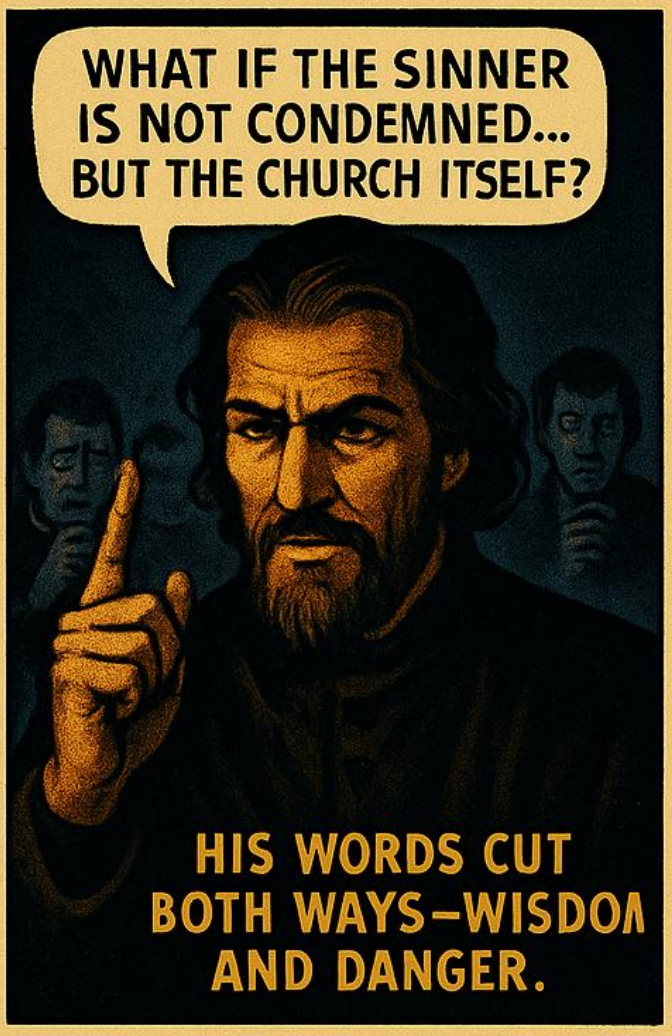

HE CONFESSED HIS SINS ENDLESSLY...

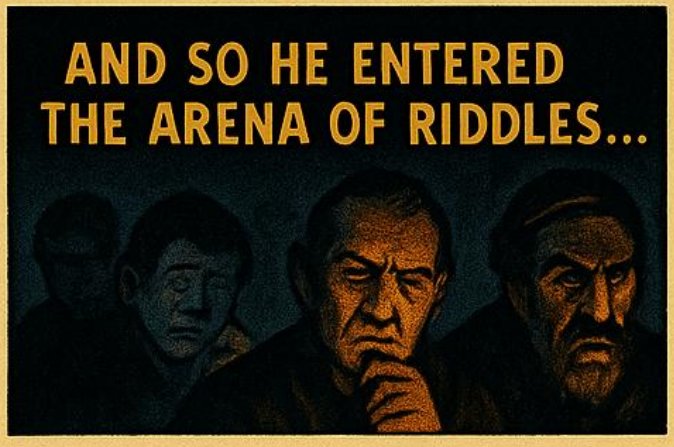
...and I coveted my brother's bread...
...and I may have been prideful when...

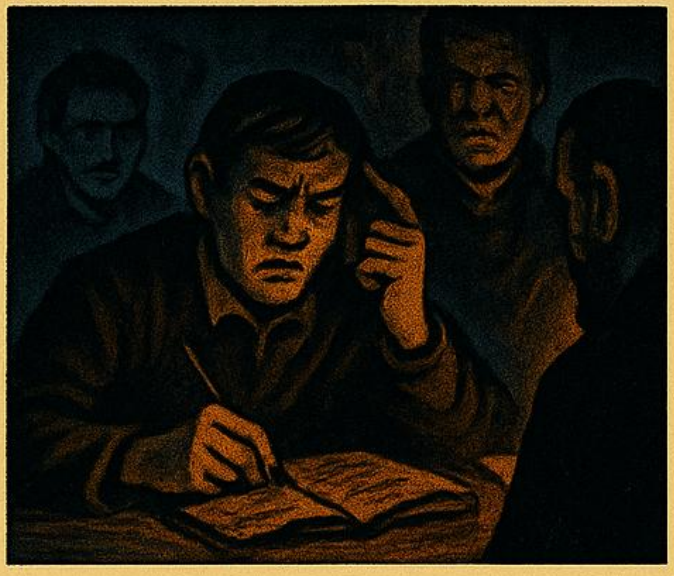
EVEN THE PRIEST GREW WEARY OF THE RIDDLES.
Martin...
End when the list was finished...he began again.

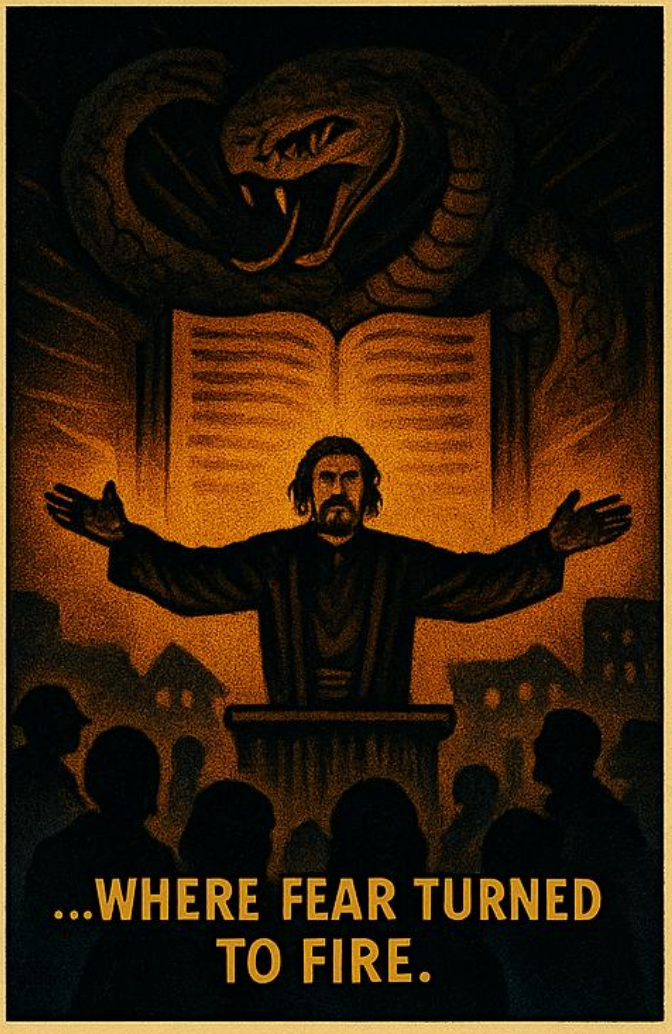
GOD IS NOT ANGRY WITH... BUT YOU ARE ANGRY WITH GOD!


THE BOY OF FEAR
BECAME A PROFESSOR...

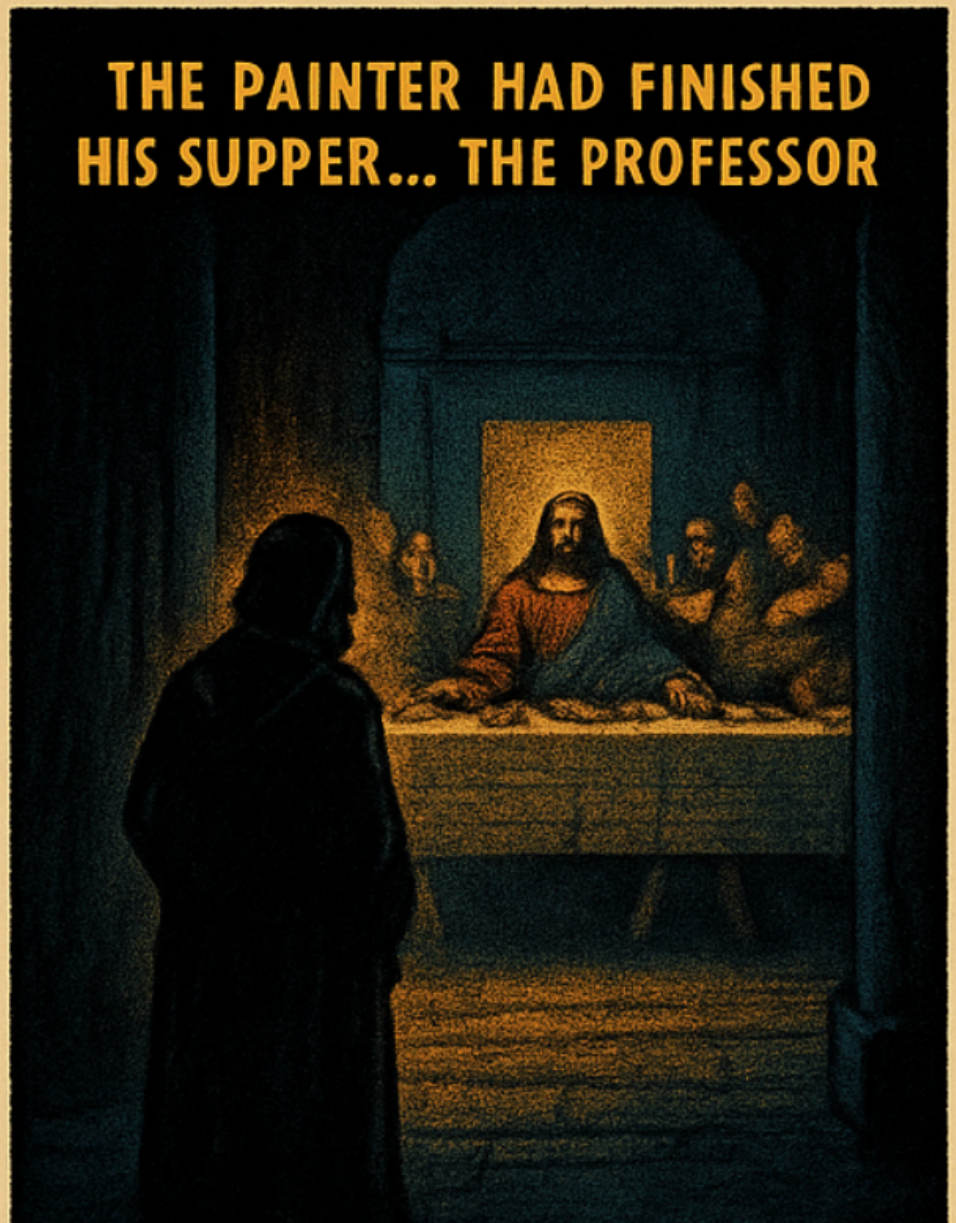

WHAT IF THE SINNER
IS NOT CONDEMNED...
BUT THE CHURCH ITSELF?
HIS WORDS CUT
BOTH WAYS—WISDOM
AND DANGER.


AND SO HE ENTERED
THE ARENA OF RIDDLES...

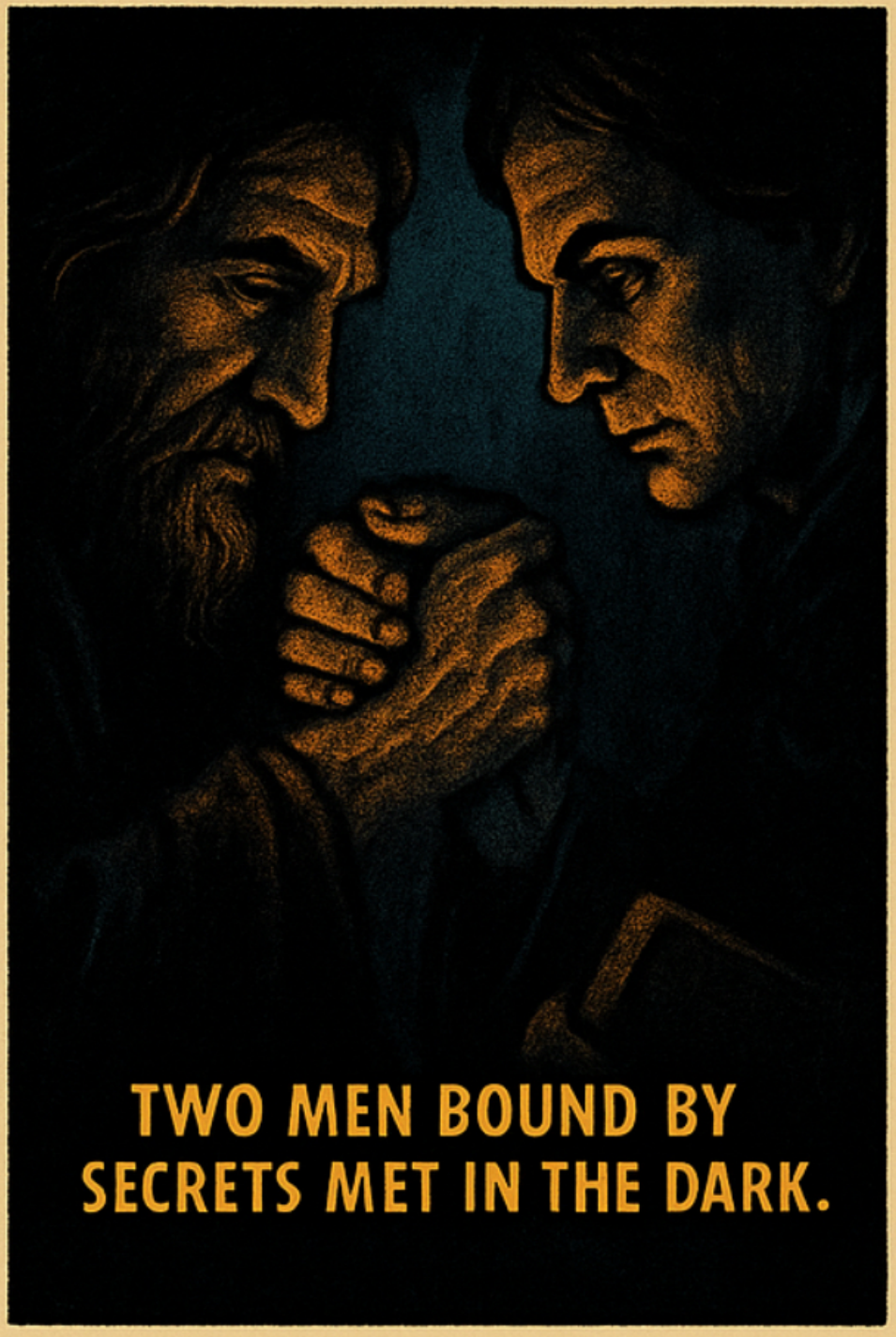



...WHERE FEAR TURNED
TO FIRE.

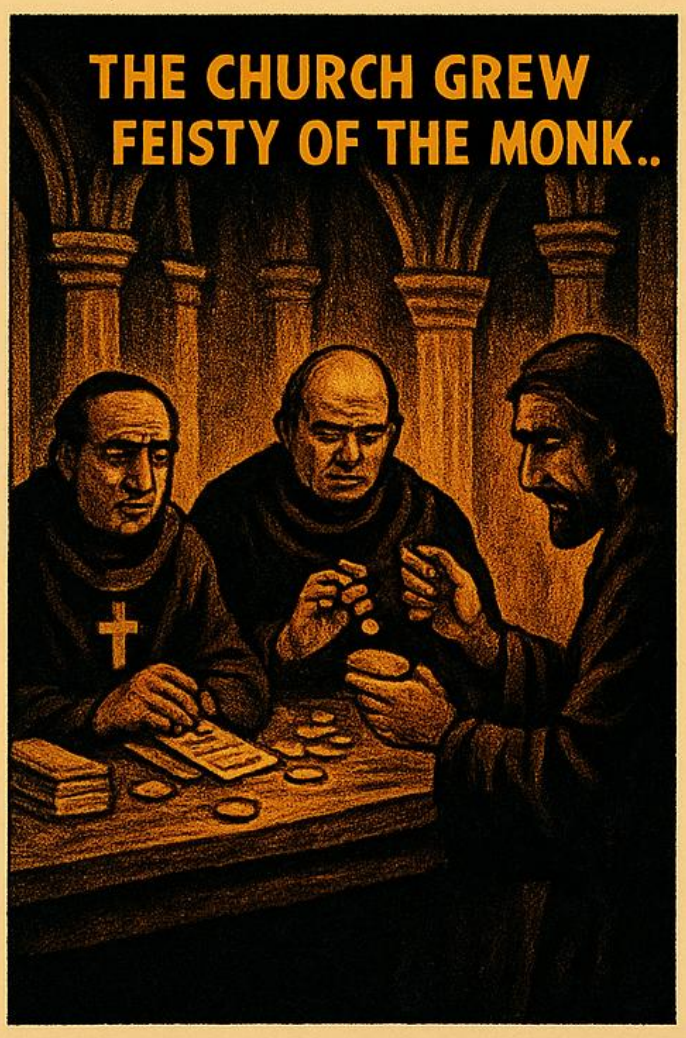
THE PAINTER HAD FINISHED HIS SUPPER... THE PROFESSOR

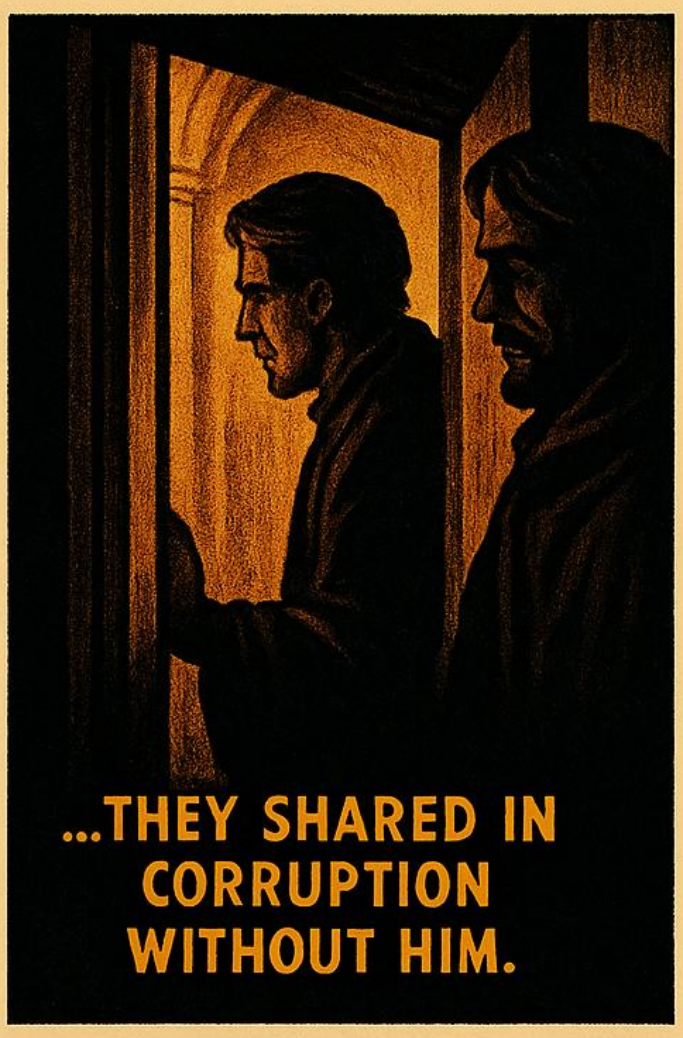


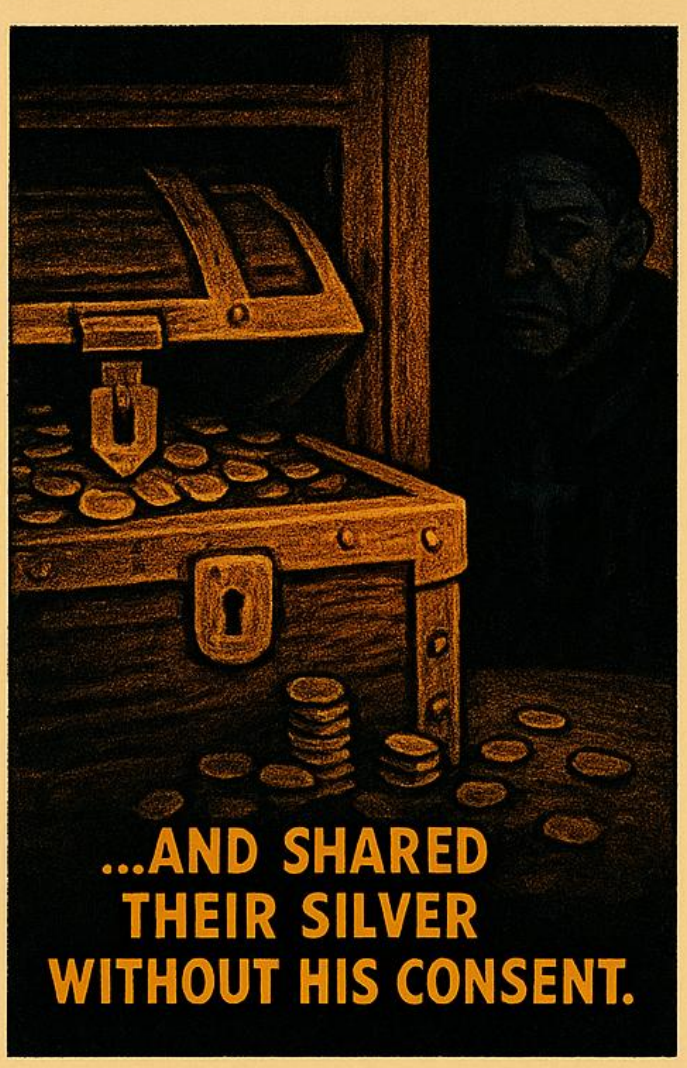
HE PROFESSOR HAD ONLY BEGUN.

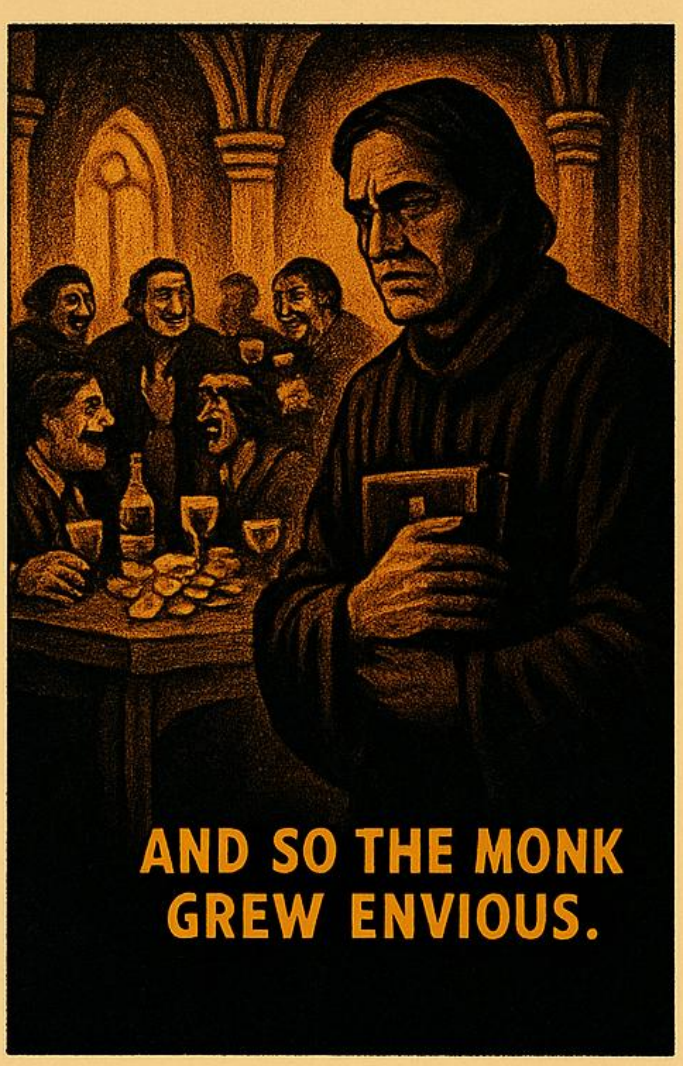


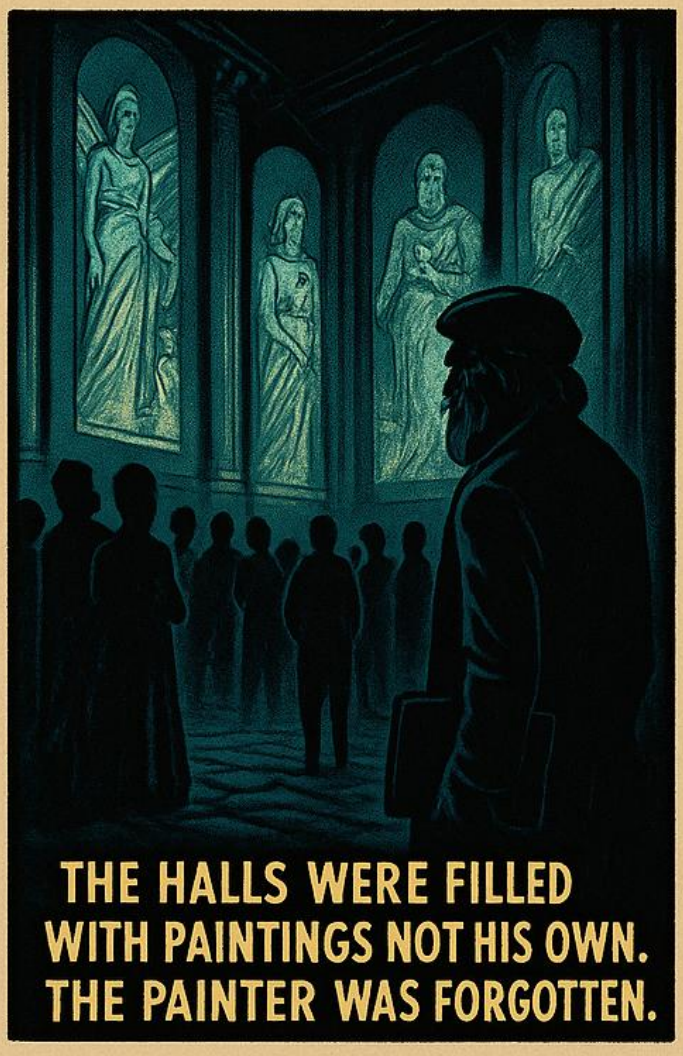
TWO MEN BOUND BY SECRETS MET IN THE DARK.

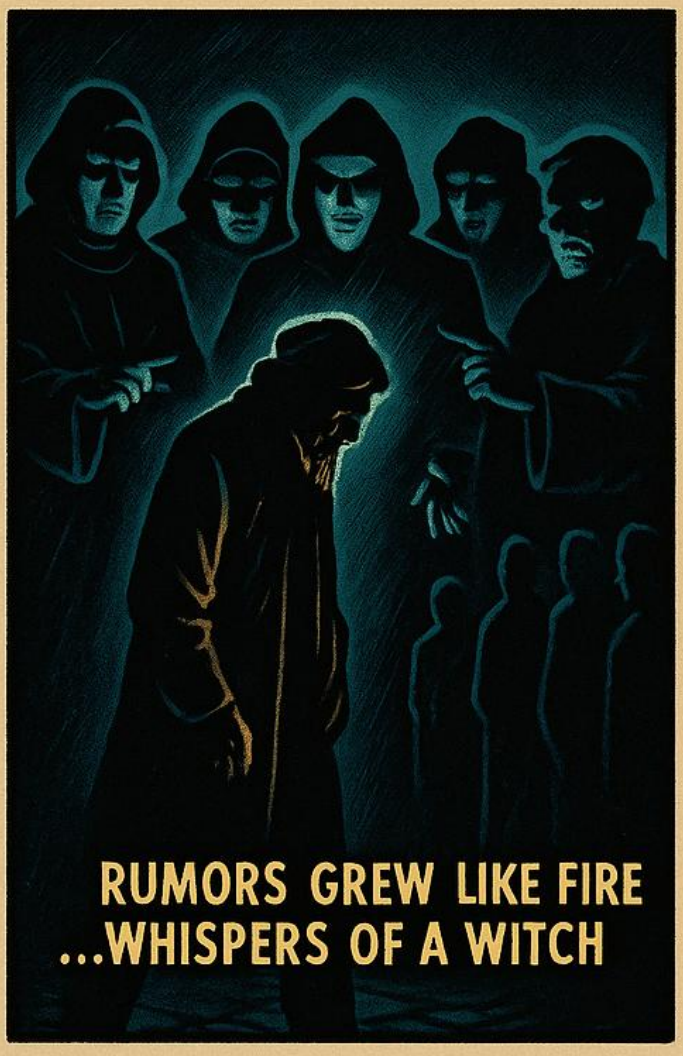

THE CHURCH GREW
FEISTY OF THE MONK..

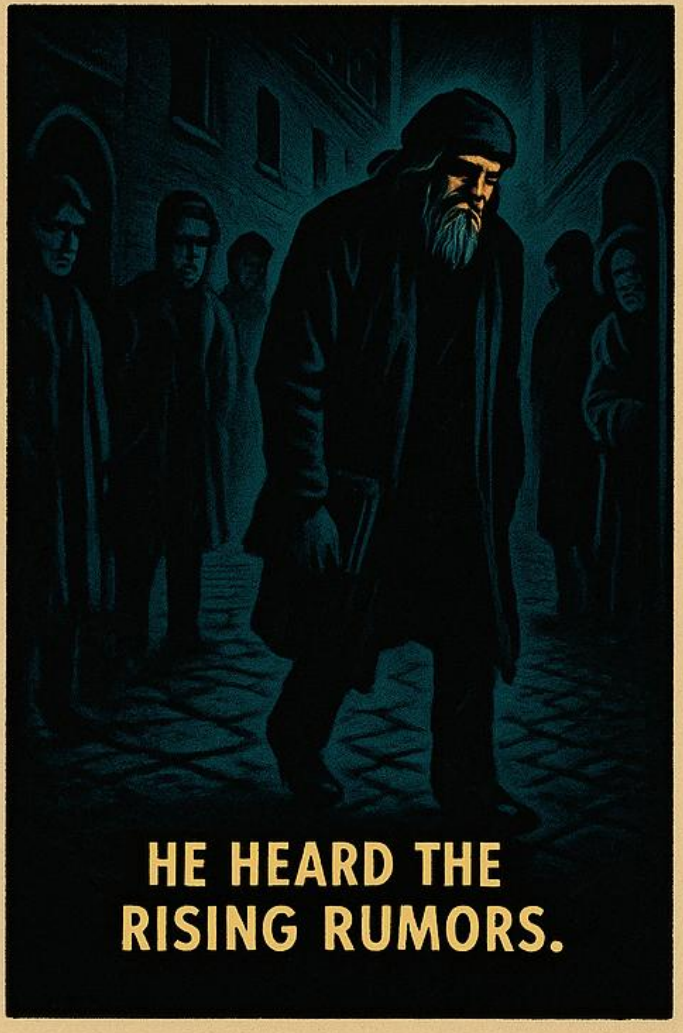

...THEY SHARED IN
CORRUPTION
WITHOUT HIM.

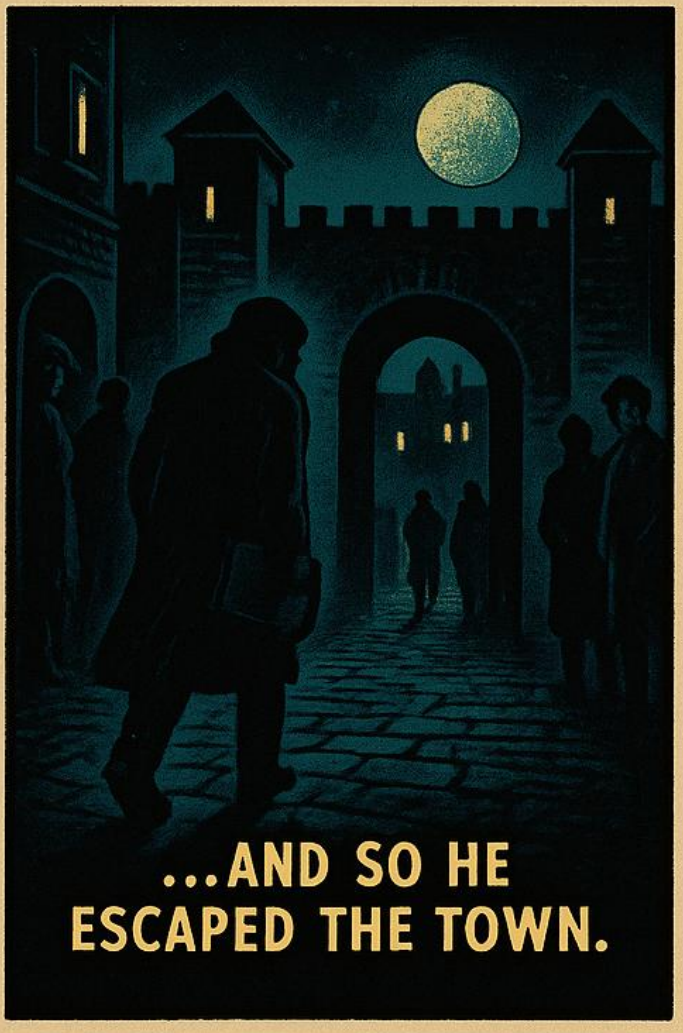

...AND SHARED
THEIR SILVER
WITHOUT HIS CONSENT.

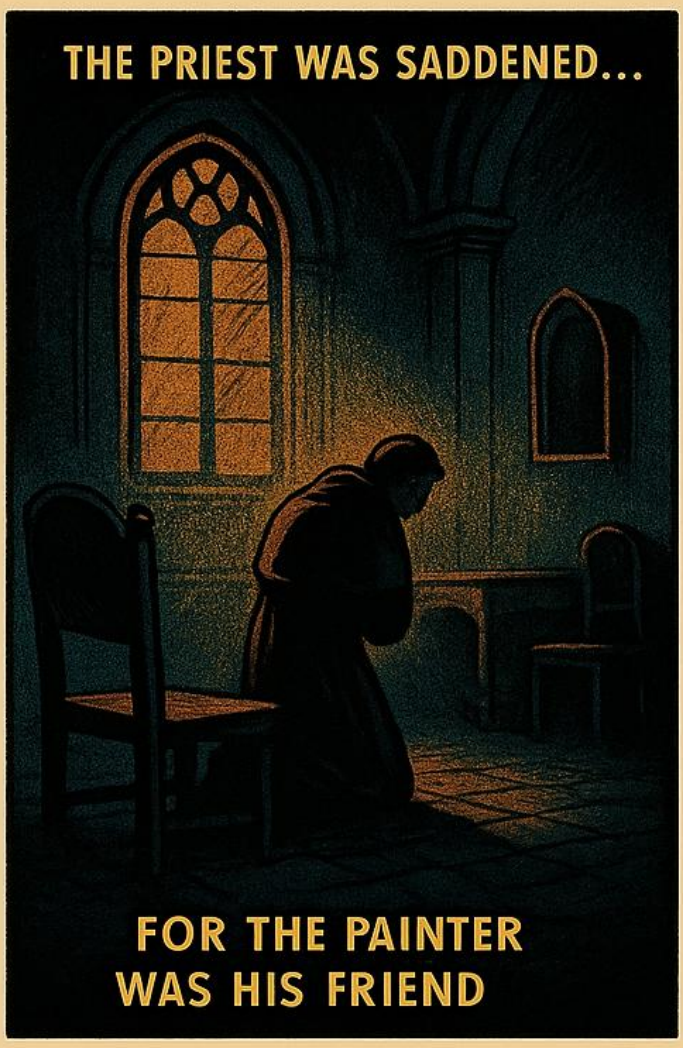

AND SO THE MONK
GREW ENVIOUS.

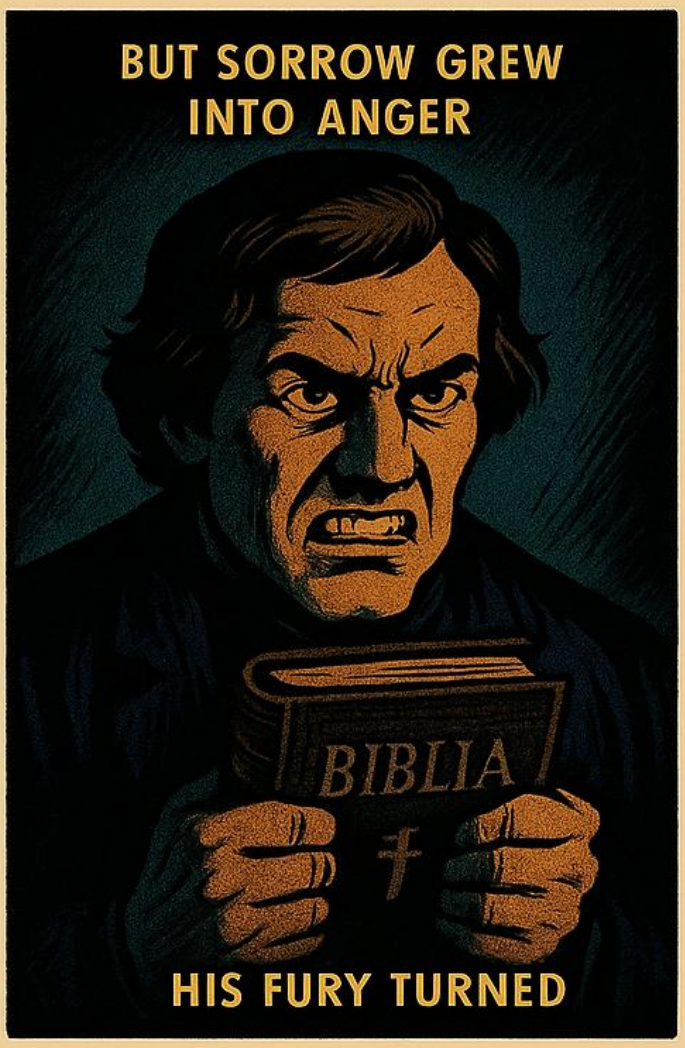

THE HALLS WERE FILLED
WITH PAINTINGS NOT HIS OWN.
THE PAINTER WAS FORGOTTEN.

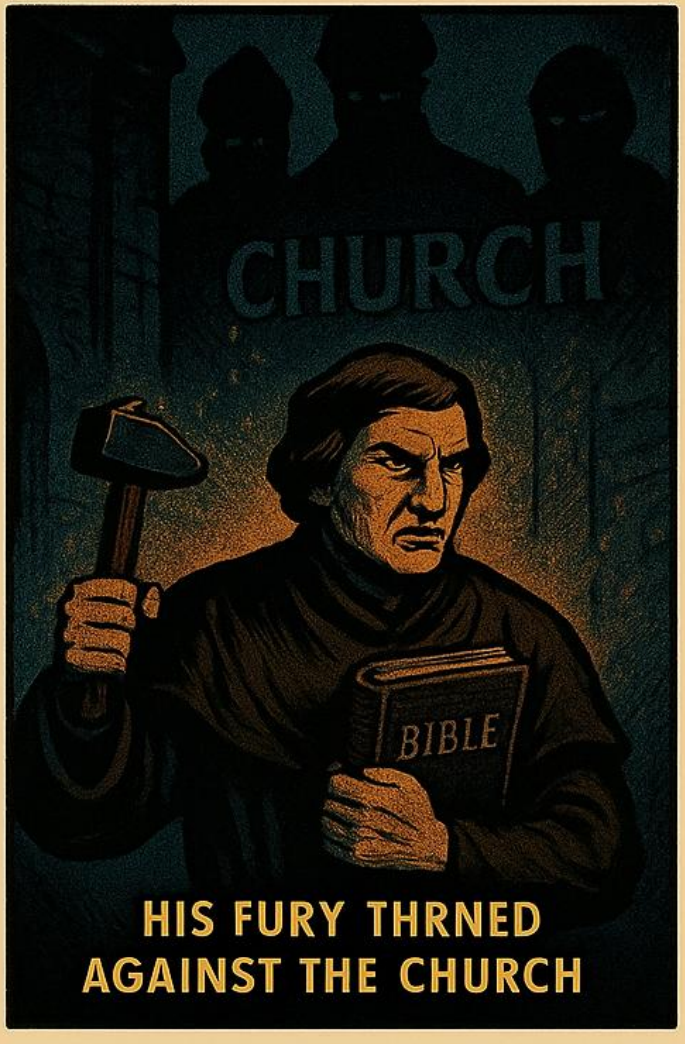

RUMORS GREW LIKE FIRE
...WHISPERS OF A WITCH

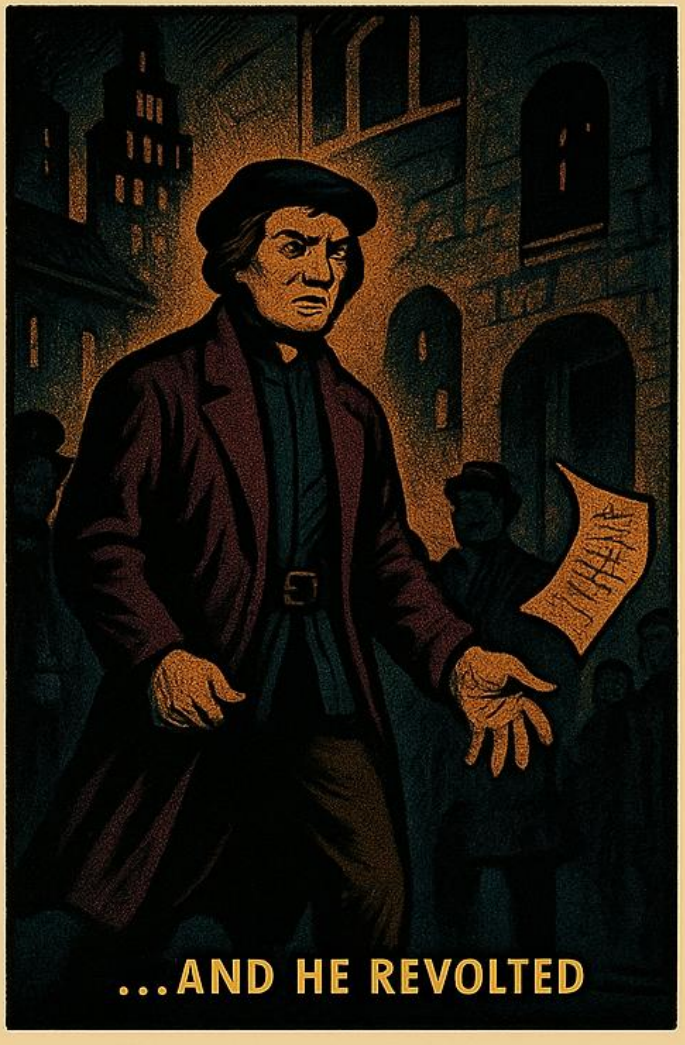

HE HEARD THE
RISING RUMORS.

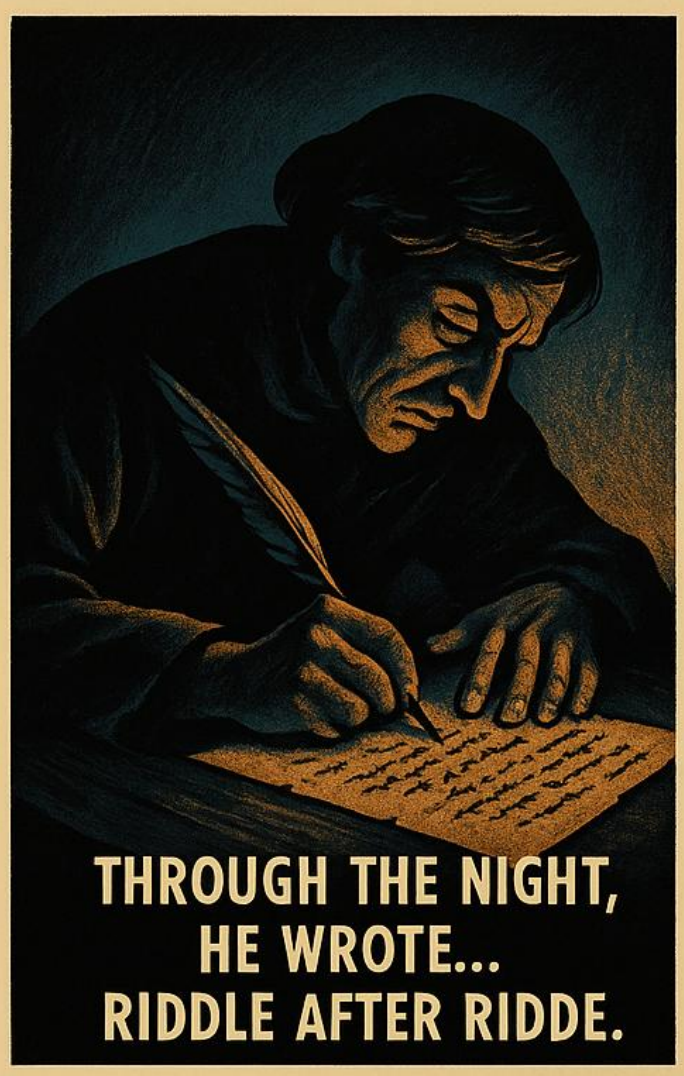

...AND SO HE
ESCAPED THE TOWN.

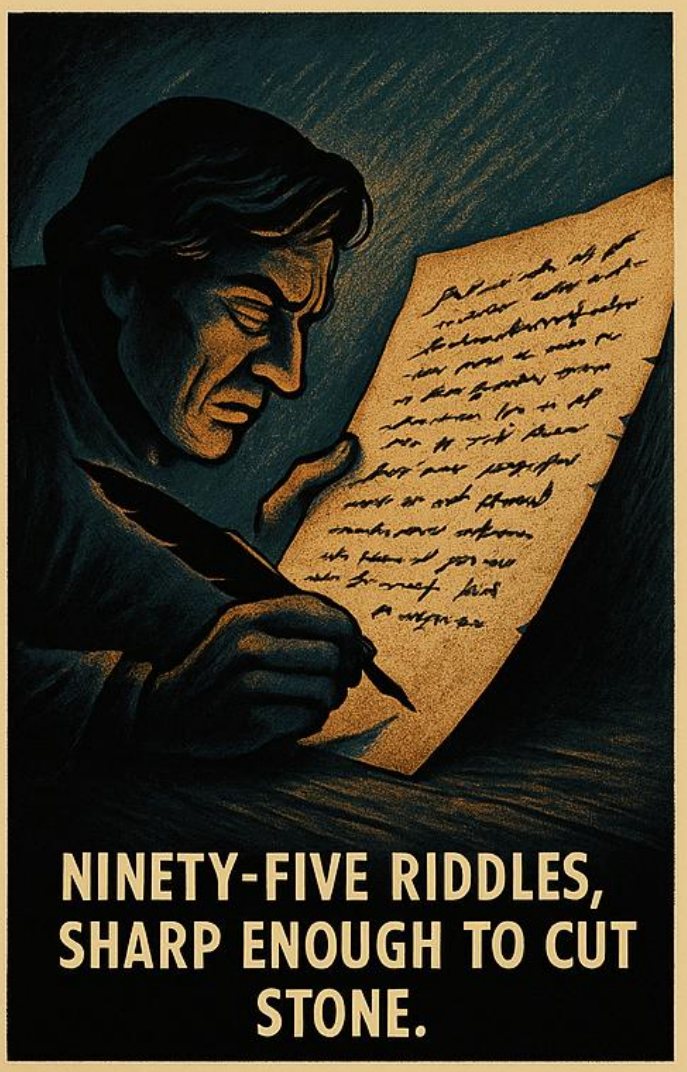

THE PRIEST WAS SADDENED...
FOR THE PAINTER
WAS HIS FRIEND

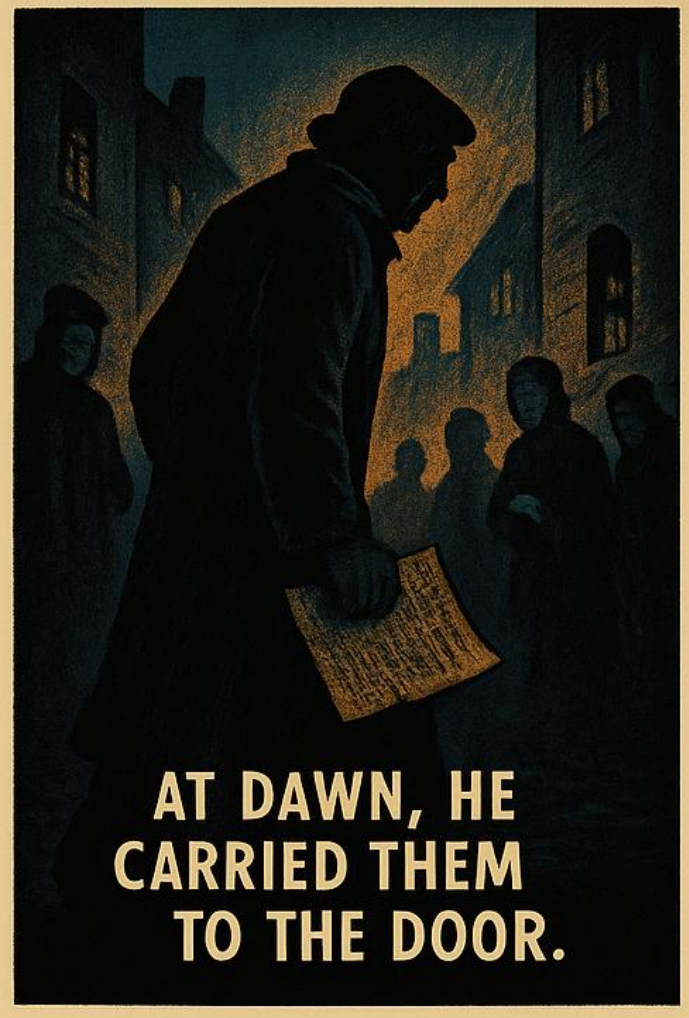

BUT SORROW GREW
INTO ANGER
BIBLIA
HIS FURY TURNED

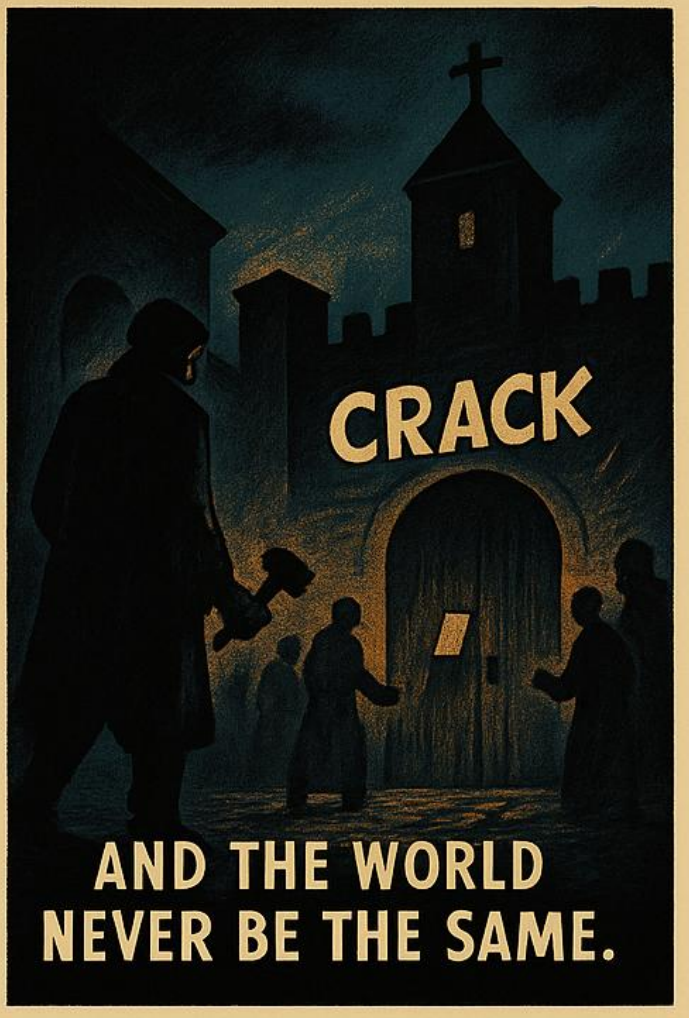

CHURCH
BIBLE
HIS FURY THRNED
AGAINST THE CHURCH

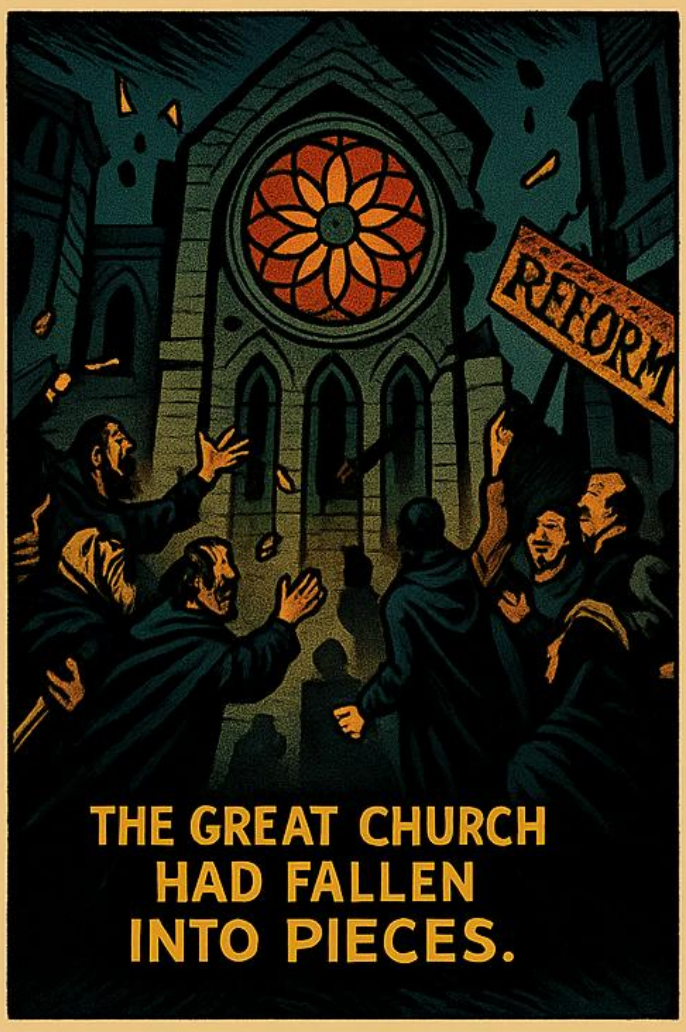

...AND HE REVOLTED


THROUGH THE NIGHT,
HE WROTE...
RIDDLE AFTER RIDDE.

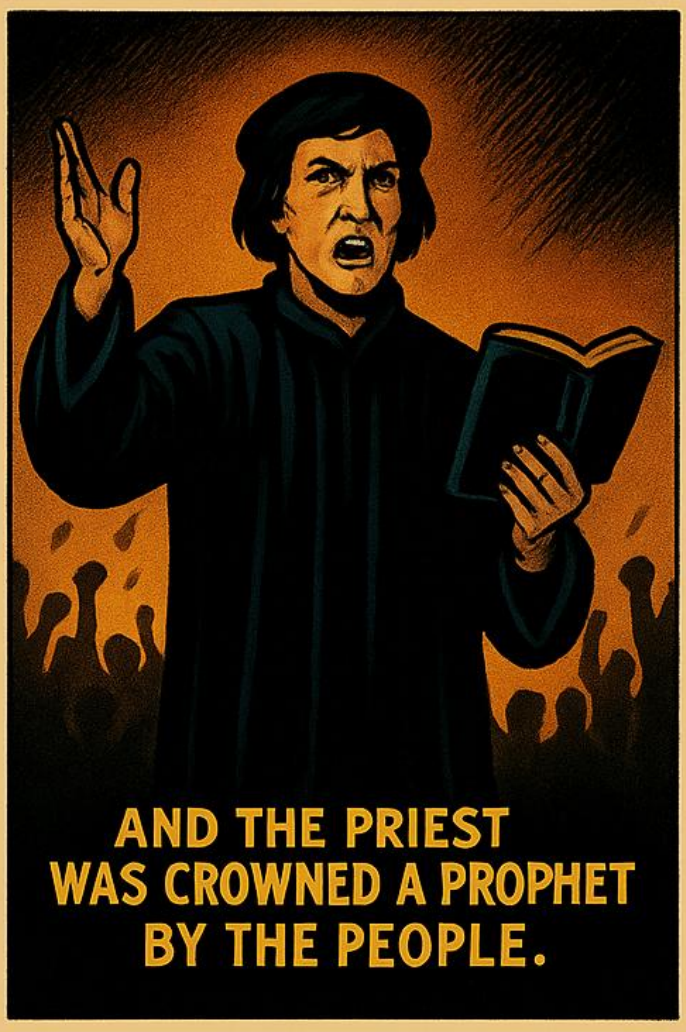

NINETY-FIVE RIDDLES,
SHARP ENOUGH TO CUT
STONE.


AT DAWN, HE
CARRIED THEM
TO THE DOOR.

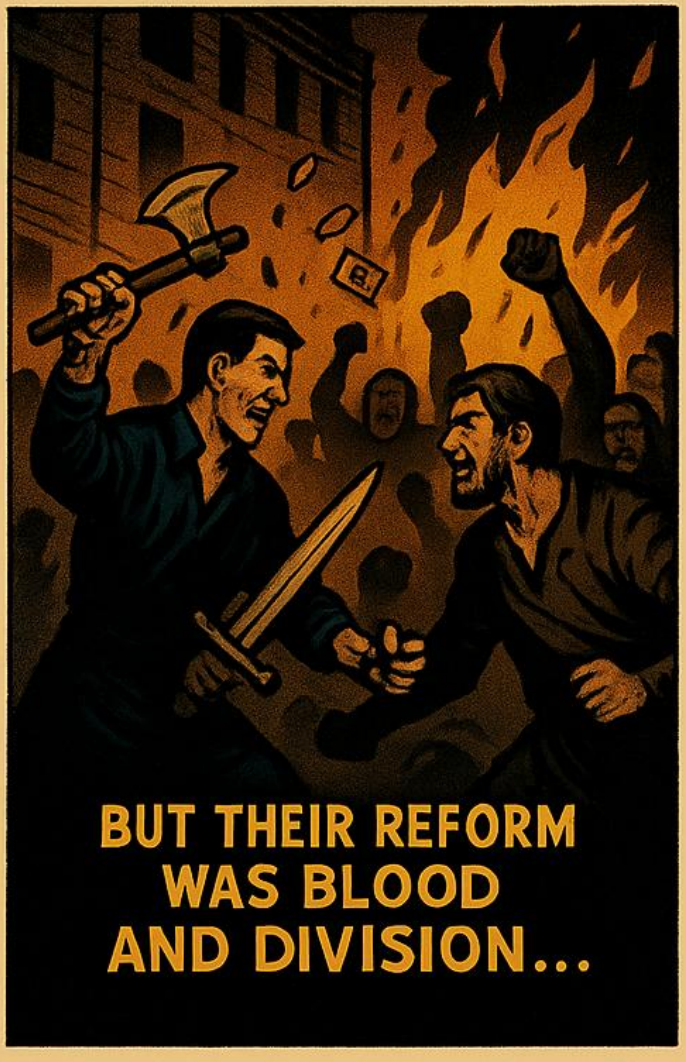

CRACK
AND THE WORLD
NEVER BE THE SAME.



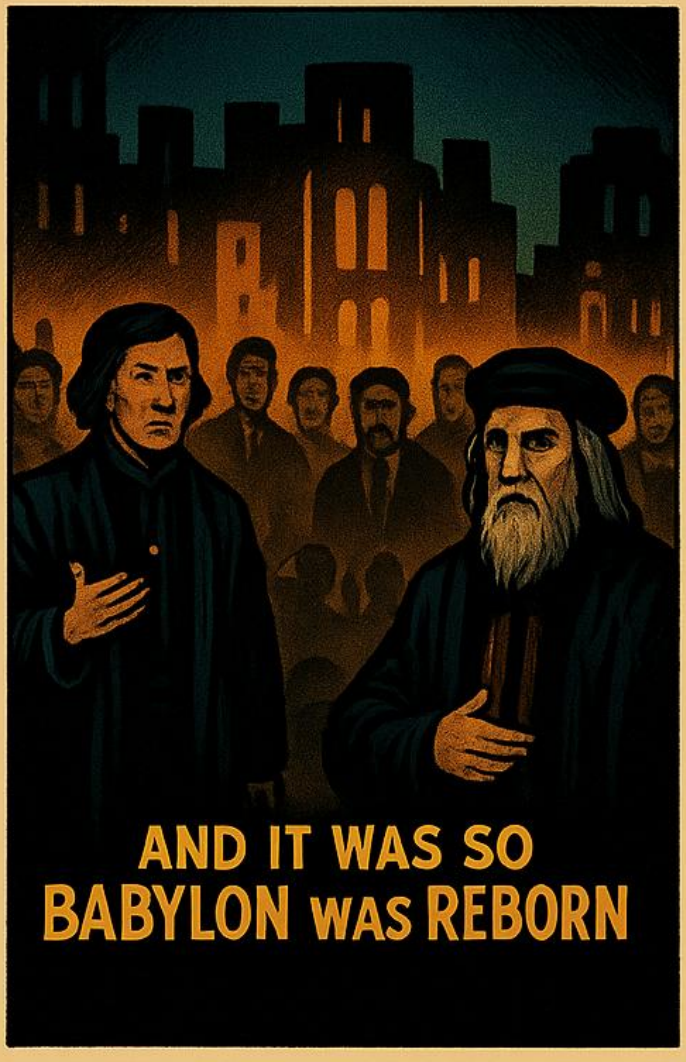
THE GREAT CHURCH
HAD FALLEN
INTO PIECES.



AND THE PRIEST
WAS CROWNED A PROPHET
BY THE PEOPLE.



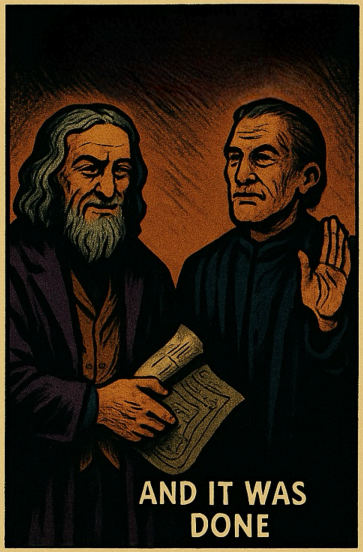
BUT THEIR REFORM
WAS BLOOD
AND DIVISION...

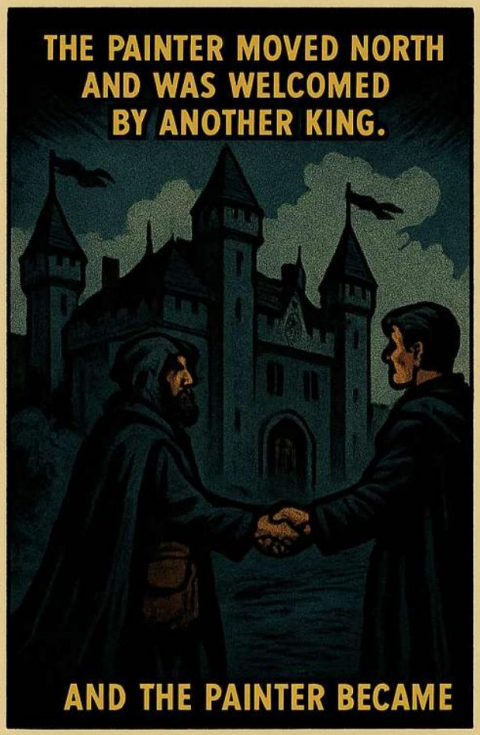


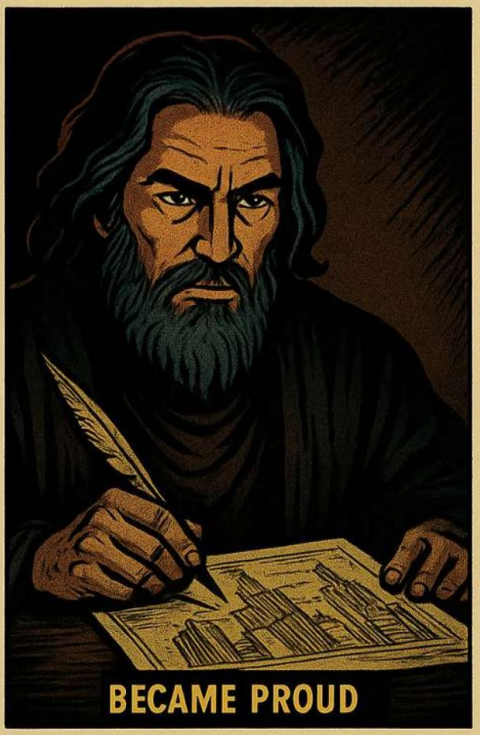
AND IT WAS SO
BABYLON WAS REBORN

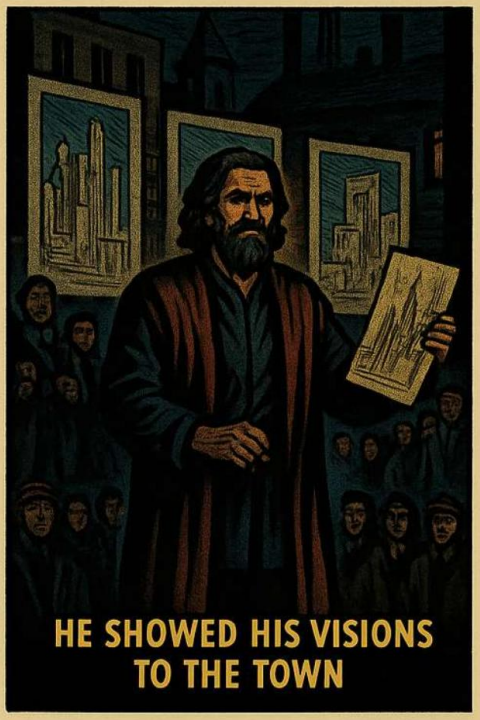
AFTER THE REVOLT. THE PRIEST SOUGHT OUT THE PAINTER...

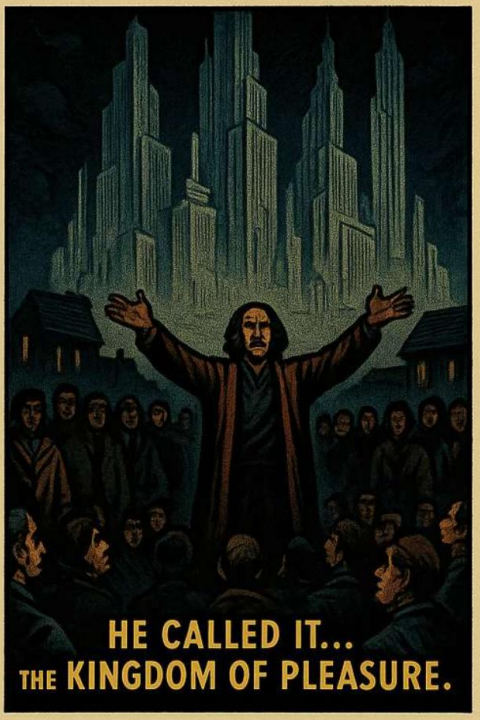
THE PROPHET GAVE THE PAINTER HIS FLOCK

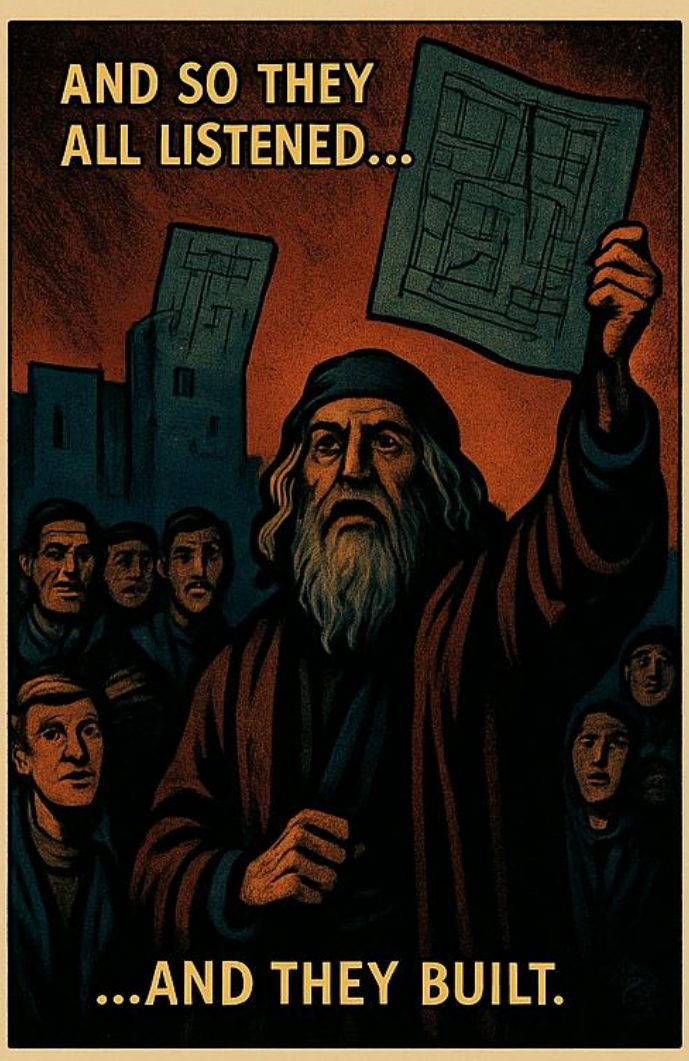

AND IT WAS DONE

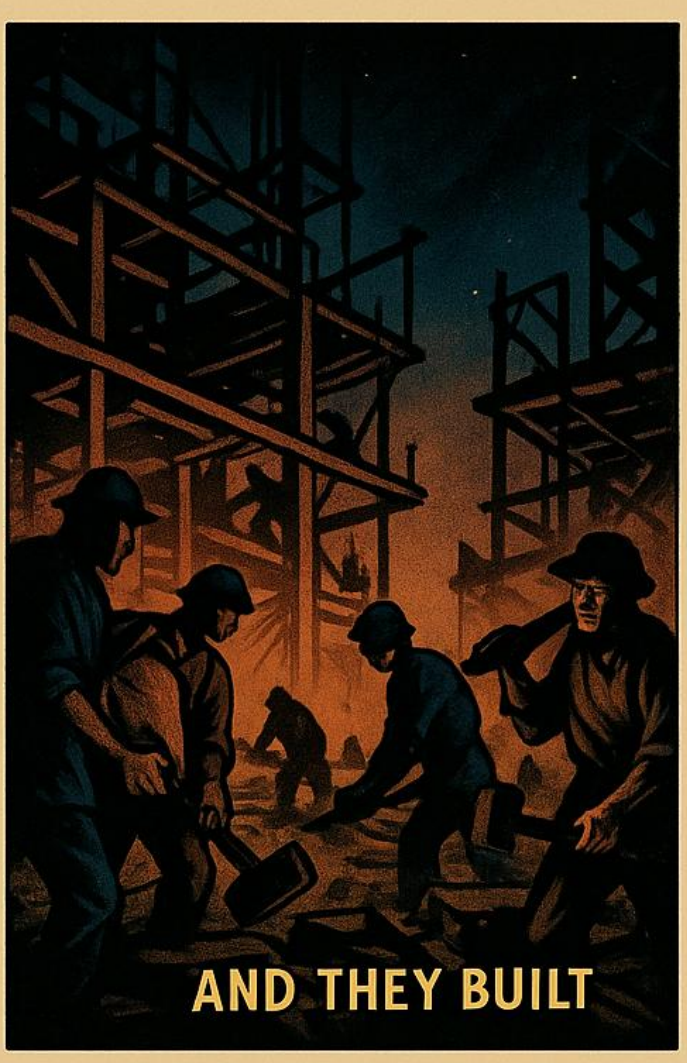

THE PAINTER MOVED NORTH
AND WAS WELCOMED
BY ANOTHER KING.
AND THE PAINTER BECAME

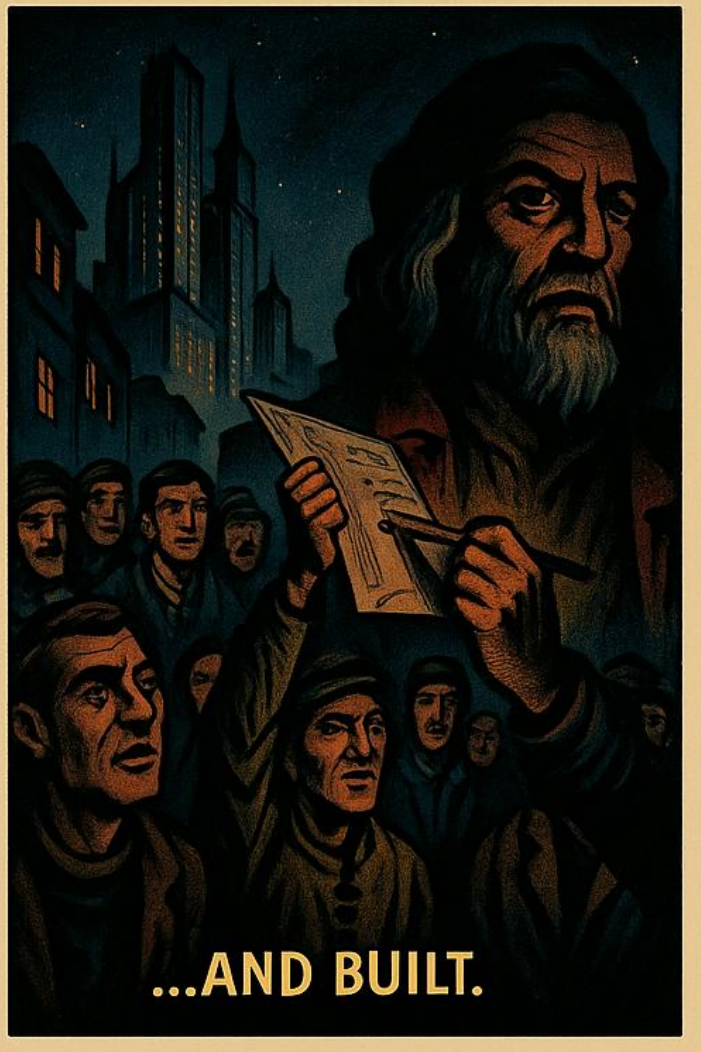

BECAME PROUD

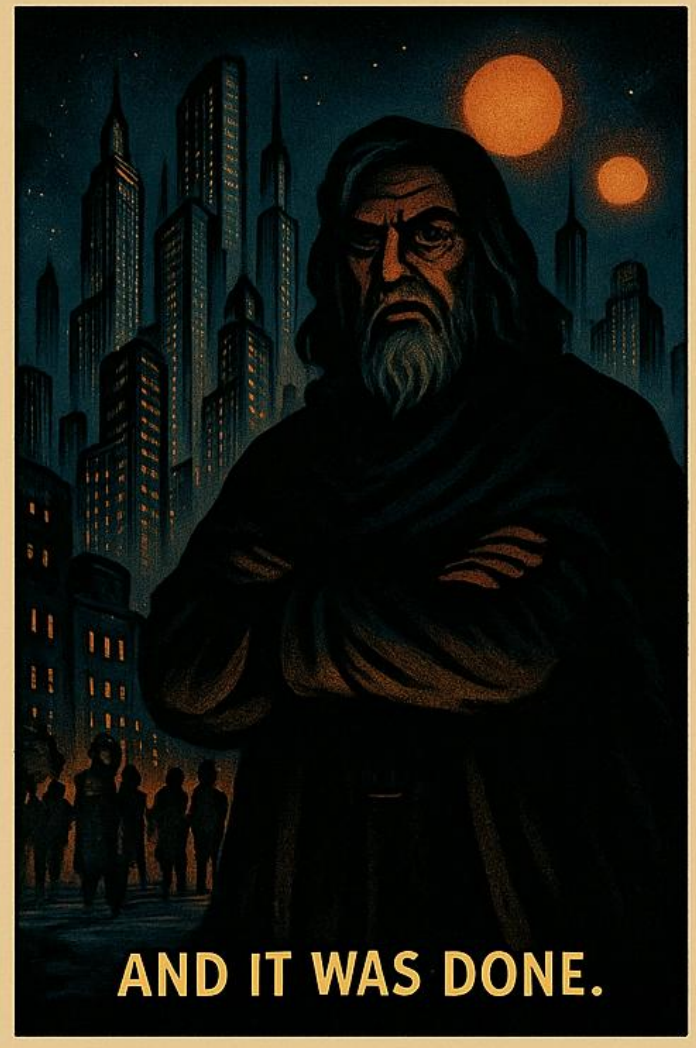

HE SHOWED HIS VISIONS
TO THE TOWN


HE CALLED IT...
THE KINGDOM OF PLEASURE.

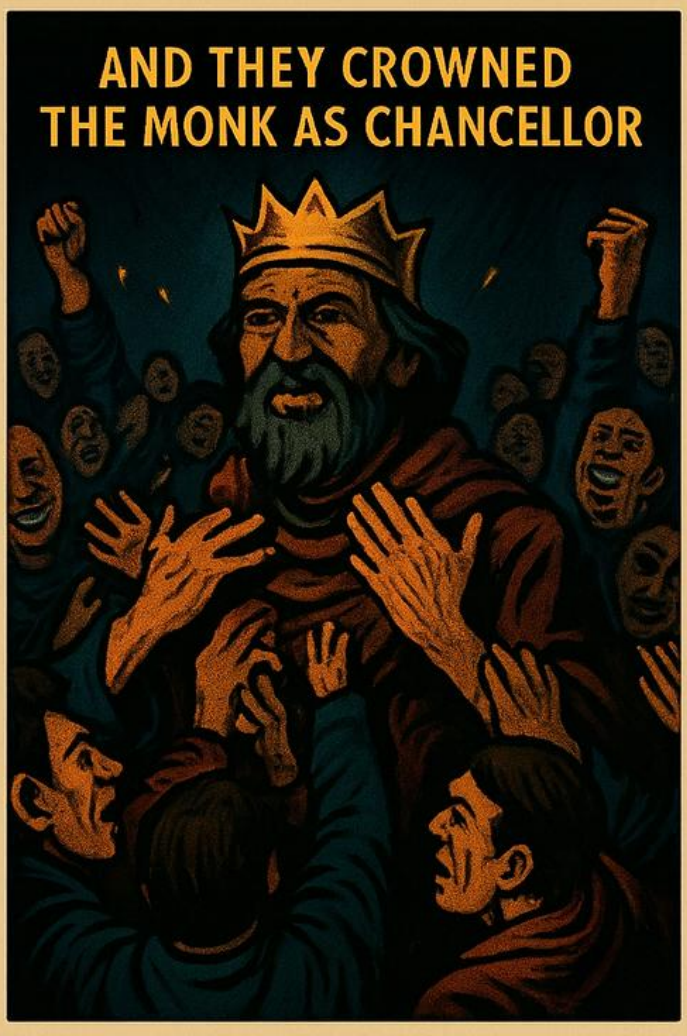

AND SO THEY
ALL LISTENED...
...AND THEY BUILT.


AND THEY BUILT

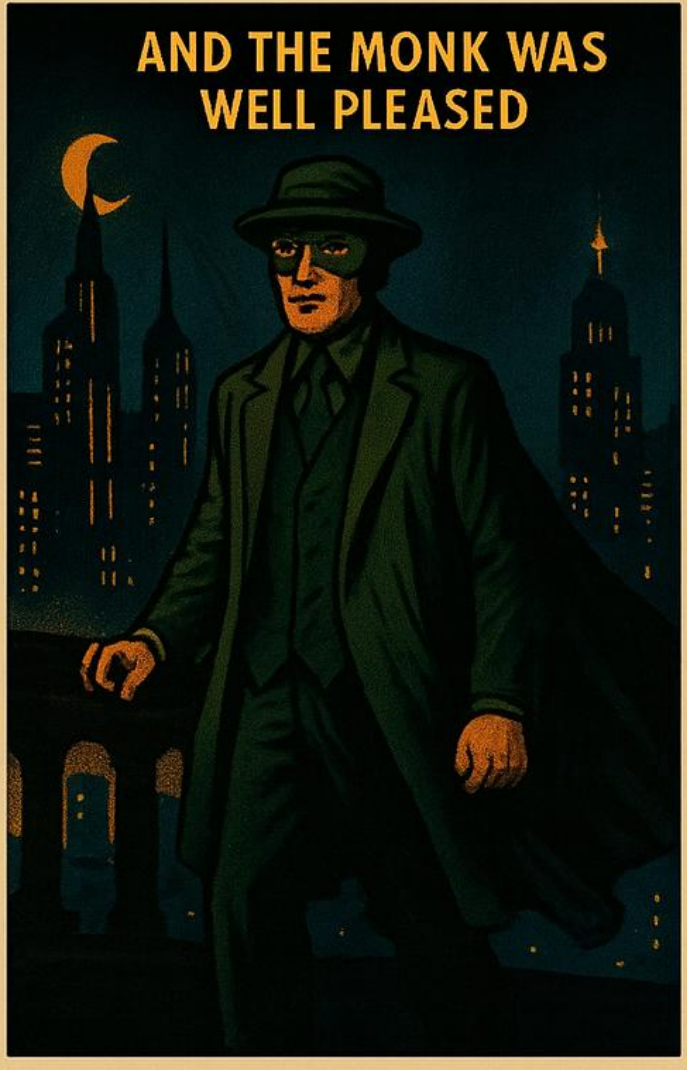

...AND BUILT.

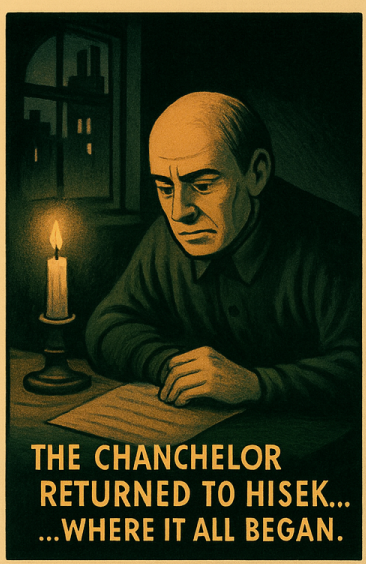

AND IT WAS DONE.

THE PEOPLE WERE AMAZ-
AND CELEBRATED.

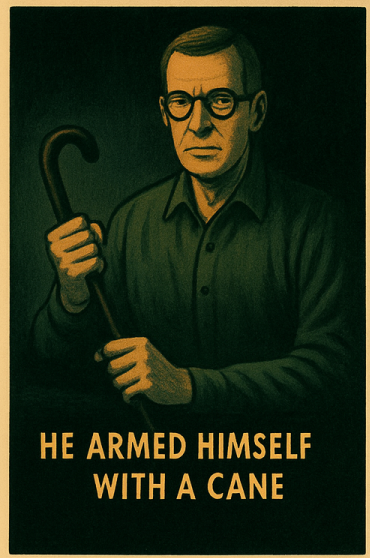

AND THEY CROWNED
THE MONK AS CHANCELLOR

HE WAS GIVEN A
NEW SUIT


AND THE MONK WAS
WELL PLEASED


THE CHANCHELOR
RETURNED TO HISEK...
...WHERE IT ALL BEGAN.

HE REMEMBERED
HE WAS PROFESSOR


HE ARMED HIMSELF
WITH A CANE

AND HE BECAME...
THE RIDDLER